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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

From his earliest years Hawthorne was a lover of flower and field, of man and woman, rather than of books. Like George Eliot, he had a temperament keenly sensitive to natural beauty. But it is not so much the wide sweep of the landscape, the copses and hedgerows of England, the waving of the fields of grain nor the quaint pictures of farm life—which are so exquisitely reflected in Eliot's novels—that one finds in his books. It is rather that aspect of nature which lies among the hills and along the shores of New England; the beauty of wild flower and forest, of lake and meadow, of brook and hillside. His feeling for flowers was especially keen. "Not merely was there a delight in the flower's perfume, or pleasure in its beautiful form and the delicacy or brightness of its hue,

but his enjoyment was accompanied with a perception of life, character, and individuality that made him love these blossoms of the garden as if they were endowed with sentiment and intelligence." In "The House of the Seven Gables" the author uses the above words—so true of himself—of Clifford's feeling for flowers. He goes on to say: "This affection and sympathy for flowers is almost exclusively a woman's trait; men, if endowed with it by nature, soon lose, forget, and learn to despise it in their contact with coarser things than flowers."

Yet in Hawthorne himself it was kept fresh and beautiful. The constant allusions in his novels to these little evanescent things show how deeply they had sunk into the writer's own heart. Look, for example, at the opening chapter of "The Scarlet Letter." In his description of the prison in which Hester Prynne was confined, he says: "On one side of the portal, and rooted almost at the threshold, was a wild rose bush, covered in this month of June with its delicate gems. . . . We could hardly do otherwise than pluck one of its flowers and present it to the reader. It may serve, let us hope, to symbolize some sweet moral blossom that may be found along the track, or relieve the darkening close of a tale of human frailty and sorrow." Indeed, all the more graceful charms of natural beauty appealed to Hawthorne. What reader of the "Marble Farm" can ever forget Hilda's dovecote standing out against the Italian sky with the doves flitting about before her window, flapping their soft, white wings; or who does not like to linger over his description of the little grotto in the woods near Donatello's Tower, and of "Coverdale's hermitage" "high upward in the air, among the topmost branches of a white pine tree"—of which he tells us in the "Blithedale Romance."

Yes, Hawthorne remembered his own home in the New England hill country, where "broad clover field"

and meadow, tree and flower, star and sunset, first satisfied his boyish gaze. Though he became no Keats nor Wordsworth, yet as he grew older these simple pleasures continued to be welcome. Even the more common side of nature attracted him. Listen to the relish with which he tells us that "all hens are well worth studying for the piquancy and rich variety of their manners"; or note his remembrance of "the sweet flavor of a frost bitten apple such as one picks up under the tree in December," and of the "fruit trees" and "shrubbery," the "squashes and beans." This intimacy with many-sided nature has given Hawthorne a certain sanity of outlook which has redeemed all his work from morbidness or pessimism, and has given a true perspective to his reflection of human life.

Hawthorne was particularly happy in his home life. As we read Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's memories of her father, it becomes very apparent that this was one of the main influences which gave his nature its grace and delicacy. No man could spend so many happy years in such a home circle as Mrs. Hawthorne created without absorbing "sweetness and light." One loves to read of such homes, and it is no wonder that a spirit such as Hawthorne's—so singularly sensitive to the atmosphere about it—found paradise itself in the love and in the gentle ministry of Sophia Hawthorne. It seems strange that the critics who have shown such harshness toward Margaret Ogilvy have not been equally severe with these "Memories of Hawthorne." Mr. Barrie's little sketch of his mother comes like a breath of fresh air to many of us. The simplicity with which it is told, the glimpse which it opens for us into the home-life of Scotland, the quiet humor and the tender pathos of the book at once win the interest and stimulate the best impulses of the reader. In the "Memories of Hawthorne" we experience the same effect, for this, too, is "an exquisite characterization of an exquisite

character." Sophia Hawthorne has left in her letters, a most sympathetic interpretation of her husband's genius. It reveals his love of nature, his love of man. It tells us of his rambles with the children "to woods and mountains in search of arbutus"; of his thoughtfulness for others; of the gentleness of his disposition; of "his sympathy for all human suffering"; of "his freedom from earthliness"; and yet, withal, of his "wisdom that is as impartial as God's winds and sunbeams." Very beautiful is the devotion she gives to him, yet, as we study his life and read his books, we feel that his was a nature singularly deserving of it all.

How odd it seems that this should be the man who wrote "The Scarlet Letter" and the "Marble Faun." "How comes it that so thoroughly healthy an organization should have such a taste for the morbid anatomy of the human heart, and such a knowledge of it, too?" Over all the long stories of Hawthorne there hangs the dark shadow of crime. "The Scarlet Letter," "The Marble Faun," "The Blithedale Romance," "The House of the Seven Gables"—in all of these books under one guise or another, real or imaginary, we meet this grim figure. It is portrayed to us as it really exists, in its true perspective. Yet the artist-soul of the author has drawn a veil over it. He has concealed much that is too often flaunted in one's face nowadays in a futile effort after reality. The genius of this "soldier from the battle-fields of the soul" is nowhere more apparent than when we contrast with his writings some of the products of the more modern thirst for realism in literature. In his books we see life removed from the glare of the footlights; removed from the sordidness and filth of the cellar. We see it in the light of all time, and with Dante, he has taught us that the moral intensity of a story such as that of Francesca de Rimini, or of Hester Prynne, is the greater in proportion to the delicacy with which it is told.

Hawthorne's success as a writer was due in no small degree to the untiring regularity with which he contributed to his note books. From early manhood till late in life, it was his habit to keep a written record of the impressions which were made upon him by any man, landscape or incident which appealed to him. George Eliot used this same plan; and one could find no better way of discovering the different types of mind of these two novelists than by comparing their notes. Eliot writes most frequently of her own mind. She tells of the books which have stimulated it; of the questions which have puzzled it; of the discussions with which it has been occupied; of the way in which her opinions have changed and matured. She describes the effect which a certain strain of music, a beautiful picture, a pathetic story, has had upon her. And if now and again, she pauses to give a bit of natural scenery, or a character sketch, it is merely by the way and not as an end in itself. Her interest in men and women, to be sure, is very keen; and yet one feels that it is a subjective kind of interest, hard to analyze—though none the less real for all that. Turn to Hawthorne and all is changed. We miss the intellectuality of George Eliot. We miss her studies of the human soul. We miss the analytical power with which she treats the few characters she describes to us, and no more are we entertained with quick-witted discussions on subjects of philosophical and religious interest. In place of all this, we are led along on pleasant rambles through New England;—our guide keeping himself in the back-ground; not attempting to explain things to us, but letting us see for ourselves, and draw our own inferences. Evidently a lover of nature, and of men and women, this guide of ours. A man with a keen sense of humor, yet almost oversensitive to the horrible and grotesque, without being in the least degree morbid. He is always on the lookout for a good plot, a clever character sketch, a dram-

atic incident. We begin to feel as though we were in the presence of a man hitherto very retired in life, easily contented, of few friends; but who is trying to get a little more in touch with nature and with his fellow men.

Nathaniel Hawthorne had no philosophy of life. But from his study of mankind there arose certain convictions which it became the mission of his life to proclaim. Before the "Scarlet Letter" could be written, the author had "to take a deep, deep plunge into the ocean of human life and to sink down and be covered by its profoundness, and to emerge, sobered, invigorated, restored to the world and to himself." Thenceforth his view of the great problems of humanity, of life and of death, were tempered by the sane wisdom of insight as well as of child-like simplicity. Though none realized more clearly than Hawthorne the reality and power of the forces which make for evil in the hearts of men, yet in his early days "he had that sense, or inward prophecy—which a young man had better never have been born than not to have, and a mature man had better die at once than utterly to relinquish—that we are not doomed to creep on forever in the old, bad way, but that even now there are the harbingers abroad of a golden era, to be accomplished in his own lifetime." As he grew older and the shadows began to fall about his own path, though success had been his in very large measure, and though he was surrounded by all that could make glad and beautiful the sunset of a life spent in well-directed efforts, yet there came to him that "far humbler" faith which discerns "that man's *best* directed effort accomplishes only a kind of dream, while God is the sole worker of realities."

—R. D. Dripps.

JUST FOR A MINUTE.

'Twas only a minute she paused and smiled,
The day grew brighter and dark thoughts died;
'Twas only a minute—but she beguiled
My soul from my baser side.

'Twas only a minute she paused, and so,
She passed up higher than my dull sight.
'Twas only a minute; how could she know
She had given one mortal—light?

—F. J. H. Sutton.

BY THE MEREST CHANCE.

The summer season was at its height. Every hotel and cottage in Placid was filled with city exiles, driven by the July heat to the cool, pine-scented air of the mountains. The tennis courts were gay; a restless activity seemed to stir through the office and hotel parlors; and the broad, roomy veranda which commanded a magnificent view of the lake and mountains, resounded continually with the hum of conversation.

As the Adirondack stage rounded the curve at the foot of the hill and toiled slowly up the steep ascent to the "Grand," the guests forgot for the time the scene before them—the lake and the far-receding hills. Apparently the stage was deserted, but as it swung around to the stoop and came to a standstill, the door opened and two passengers emerged. One, a white-haired man of seventy or thereabouts who spoke in the gruff, commanding tone of a military officer, as he gave his instructions to the porter. His eye was firm and his step elastic, but the pale and withered face told that he had passed far beyond his

prime. His companion, on the other hand, was a young woman of striking beauty, whose anxious regard for the old man had attracted the attention of the loungers. They registered as Commodore Terry and niece, and were shown immediately to the only available rooms, a suite overlooking a narrow passage separating the main hotel from the accessory buildings in the rear.

At this moment, in an upper room of the "Grand," Ralph Adams sat at a writing table with a half-finished letter before him. His physician had refused to let him join his parents abroad at the close of his college year and so he had chosen to spend his summer in the mountains, the inspiring beauty and seclusion of which had been quite as attractive to him as their vaunted atmosphere. This morning his thoughts seemed to wander, and, gazing idly through the large bay window before him, he watched the varying lights playing on the windows opposite. Ordinarily they showed to him only the long ranks of drying towels and linen—this was the hotel laundry—with the corresponding windows at the further end. However, about half an hour after the arrival of the stage, as he sat in absent reflection, he suddenly became conscious of visible motion on the glass with its sheeted background. Dim, uncertain shadows seemed to take form and then vanish. They could not be the mere vagaries of his fancy for soon they reappeared, this time more distinct. He became intent. Yes, he could distinguish two forms struggling, wavering to and fro. He leaned forward. A shadowy hand crept slowly out and clutched the throat of an upturned face. For an instant the ghastly apparition remained and then sank down slowly from sight.

He sprang to his feet. Had he actually seen or was he dreaming? He stepped closer to the window and fixed his eyes on the building opposite. For a moment he could see nothing, but soon, silhouetted on the glass, clear and

distinct, appeared the form of a woman. Her head was bowed and she was wringing her hands. Standing thus for an instant, she raised her face in mute appeal, staggered forward with her arms thrown above her head and suddenly disappeared. He looked suspiciously about the room, the floor, ceiling, and then at the windows opposite.

"Ah, I see," he said, "it was nothing but a reflection from the room above. The chambermaids, no doubt." Not so easily, however, could he drive the picture from his mind.

Adams had arranged to join a mountain party early the next day and did not return to the hotel again until the following morning. When he entered the dining-room for a late breakfast he found no one at the table but the Russian doctor who had just come in from his morning walk.

"You have heard the news?" said the doctor, with his simple Slavic accent.

"Nothing in particular," replied Adams.

"Then you surely have not heard of the Commodore's death."

Adams started. "Death! what do you mean? he stammered. "Who died?"

"Commodore Terry, who arrived with his niece two days ago. The poor girl was almost distracted by the unexpected shock. She left with the body yesterday afternoon."

He sought his room immediately and threw himself in an easy chair. Doubt filled his mind. There on the windows the light played as it had two days ago. Yes, he had been the unconscious witness of a tragedy, and his duty was plain. He must expose that crime, and yet—He left that afternoon.

* * * * *

September found Adams still in the mountains.

From a quiet corner of the veranda one evening at dusk, he looked out over the valley and distant mountains sloping away behind "The Saranac." As the shadows deepened and the forest outlines became softened, he surrendered himself silently, reverently, to the vast, unbroken gloom. He was lonely. No sound came from without save the organ music of the pines as the light wind evoked its harmonies. While the tones of that majestic symphony rose and fell about him, he was conscious of a sweeter music. From the dim twilight of the ballroom came the rippling notes of a piano as some invisible hand swept lightly over the keys. And then a voice—sweet, clear, divine,—which seemed to strike responsive chords in the depths of his own soul. Or was it only his heart throb? It swelled passionate and thrilling, then died away. The echo seemed to linger about him like a faint perfume. The world had suddenly become brighter. He sat long as if entranced, but there was no more voice though he held his breath to listen. He was late for dinner. As he glanced up and down the table his eye met only familiar faces. Directly across from his seat, however, partly hidden by a massive bouquet of mountain daisies, he was conscious of a stranger. Her face was tanned, but that only served to mellow its delicate tints. The hair—a heavy mass, half hiding the forehead, was intense in its wealth of blackness. The eyes, deep, full and powerful, were lowered. Even then they seemed to draw him by a mysterious charm. She raised them suddenly. Adams flushed and dropped his eyes. The woman was beautiful. She was the possessor of that voice and she was young. He tried to eat, but could not. The man at his side addressed him:

"I beg pardon, but did we not meet last month at the 'Grand'?"

Quickly the stranger opposite looked up, and then,

with scarcely a rustle, she arose and glided from the room. Adams wondered what it all meant and silently cursed the forwardness of his new found friend. Without a word he hastened out, but too late. The figure had disappeared. He lingered about the office the next morning and smoked on the veranda all afternoon without a glimpse of the face that had so vexed his dreams. Day after day passed, and he became restless. He had been an idler before, drifting, blown about, but now his purpose was fixed. He would find and meet that woman.

The forests flamed with yellow and gold, the crisp air seemed to draw the distant peaks nearer by its intense clearness, the whole region was a paradise. Urged on and on by a voice, he spent the long, autumnal days riding from one resort to another, but always moving. Late one afternoon he was traveling alone from Loon Lake to the "Grand." Thoughts of his summer's experiences filled his mind and rendered him quite oblivious to the scenes through which he was passing, until, rounding a sharp turn, he came suddenly upon two saddle horses at the roadside. A lady in a jaunty riding habit, was seated on a stump a short distance away while the groom was endeavoring to repair a broken girth. Adams stopped and offered his services, but soon found that all efforts would be useless. He questioned the groom however, and learned that the lady was Madam Du Varney and that she was bound for the "Grand." When he first came upon them, her head was lowered and he had given her only a passing glance. Now, as he turned towards her, a gleam of mutual recognition crossed both faces. A sense of triumph thrilled him.

"Excuse me, Madam," he said with some confusion, "but it will be impossible for this man to continue further with you. I can only offer you my company for the remainder of your journey."

She accepted his proposal with becoming modesty,

the restraint of which soon wore away. Adams did his best to prolong that ride. They talked freely, even confidently and it was with great reluctance that he turned up the last stretch of steep hill leading to the hotel. When, by chance, he found her alone that evening at the far end of the veranda and was assured that he was not intruding, he felt well pleased with the world. Life possessed a new flavor. She seemed however, preoccupied and the conversation was not the light, sprightly talk of the afternoon. The orchestra started a two step but she did not care to dance. Adams was satisfied. It was enough for him to be alone with her, but even this pleasure was short. In the course of half an hour she excused herself and left him.

The distant jests and laughter ceased as the guests, one by one, left the merry groups and went inside. At last, when all was still, he slipped through the deserted office up to his room. The village clock struck two, before he closed his eyes. When he awoke late and glanced around, various well known objects met his eye. The paper, the small desk and the dresser all seemed familiar. Gradually he realized that this was the same room he had occupied during his previous stay. Yes, there was the laundry opposite and the window, now resplendent with the gleam of the morning sun. At this hour, two months previous, it had reflected a tragedy. He gazed at it thoughtfully for some time recalling all those mysterious shadows he had seen before.

"It may have been only a fancy," he said, but even as the last word left his lips that same feminine form appeared on the pane, clear and distinct. The head was bowed for an instant and then, with arms thrown above her head, she fell forward and disappeared. There was no mistaking its meaning now, the commodore's murderess had returned. Trembling with excitement, he drew on his clothes and hurried down to the office.

"Who occupies the room directly over mine?" he demanded of the clerk in a half frightened tone.

"Madam Du Varney," was the reply.

—*Lester P. Bryant.*

ORPHEUS.

He stood, half-leaning, yet his brow was high.
The Phrygian cap droop'd over the damp hair,
For he had passed the lake where no birds fly.
He stood—his face was fixed all quiet there,
Upon the hopeless gate. His cheek and eye
Already shrank within to gnawings never-cloyed.
One instant, from his shoulders swart and bare,
His arms were lifted, void.

Adown the eager slope from neck to knee,
Its quick, dark flushings all but died to gray;
And such triumphant tremors as might be
In such a singer's rapture—were away.
Slowly he turned.—His lyre had broken free,
Had fallen murmurously and murmured even then.
He stoop'd, and from the ferns whereon it lay,
He took his lyre again.

I think, when he had touch'd its strings once more,
Those dusky cypresses that breathlessly
Were wont to bow, bent stiller than before;
Then the fine, tawny panther's sensuous eye
A something leoninely noble bore,
And closer yet the doe with feet unquivering crept;
Then first the river-reeds began to sigh—
Then first the willow wept.

My fancy all the more would have it so,
When to its sight some strong, sad face is borne :—
Rugged Beethoven's earnest frown ; and lo !
How old Buonarotti's brow is torn
'Twixt wrath and patience—what disdainful woe
Wears down the Tuscan's cheek ! Stern Milton's face would fain
Keep that grave loveliness those lips had worn
Ere he knew Power—and Pain.

—*William Miller Gamble.*

THE DESERTED CABIN.

Mountaineers are, as a rule, intensely superstitious. It is a characteristic which impresses itself at once upon one who listens for the first time to the stories and legends told by mountain guides around a blazing camp-fire ; stories of ghostly apparitions and haunted trails, of phantom deer which no bullet can harm, and of "witched" rifles which refuse to shoot at critical moments. But none of these, perhaps, better illustrates this instinctive dread of anything which is unusual or apparently due to supernatural agencies than the experience which I am about to relate.

Some years ago, I started out in the late fall for a few weeks' hunting among the Great Smokies. My guide and fellow-huntsman was a young mountaineer named "Bud" Walker, a man who knew those regions thoroughly, and who had been my companion upon several previous expeditions. He was a guide after my own heart, an ideal companion, tall and strong and hardy, with the somewhat singular features and quick, restless eyes of the typical mountaineer. He had all those qualities which go to make a man the best of friends and a most desirable comrade, but his character was marked by this one striking

peculiarity: while absolutely courageous in the face of any real danger, he was intensely afraid of ghosts (or "harnts" as he called them); afraid of anything which might be construed into a manifestation of power from the spirit world of his own imagination, and this superstitious vein of his nature had been strengthened and exaggerated by the very traditions and stories of the mountaineers among whom he had grown up. Yet, although I had been with him upon many former occasions, I had never been given any very manifest indications of the strong development of this side of his character until this trip of ours—the last we ever took together.

We went far into the mountains to the south of Mount Guyot, and tramped for two days without securing any big game, although the "sign" at times was plentiful. However, as we were about to go into camp on the evening of the second day, Walker, by a fortunate snap shot succeeded in bringing down a small buck, the first we had sighted since starting. We dressed our game just where it fell, on the edge of a little clearing in a hollow between two ridges, surrounded by dense thickets of laurel and rhododendron. At the rear of the clearing a rocky precipice rose abruptly and, backed up close beneath its sheltering sides, stood an old, deserted cabin, from the front of which the ground sloped away toward the swiftly flowing mountain stream along whose course we had been following. The cabin seemed to be an excellent place in which to spend the night, for though it was old and falling to decay, it would afford protection from the cold, which was unusually severe for that season of the year. Indeed, there was good reason to expect a light fall of snow before morning. But, to my surprise, Bud seemed unwilling to make use of the hut.

"Why, what's the matter?" said I, "'fraid of rattle-snakes?"

"Rattlers, nothin'," he answered. "Ef you-all really want t' know, that thar place is got harnts."

"Oh, there are 'harnts' there, are there? Well, it is too bad to have to turn them out, but I guess we'll engage rooms for the night anyway. Looks like snow, don't it?"

"Hit mout come on t' snow," said Bud, slowly, "but you-all ain't fiixin' t' go in thar shore enough, air ye?"

"Why not?" I asked.

"Jes' a-listen hyar. That thar house was stuck thar by a man name' Jaler from over yonder on the Tennessee side. He allus was sorter crazy-like and finnicky anyhow I reckon, fer becuz he got plumb mad with ever' man in the settlemint, an' he kem out here goin' on fifteen year ago come next December. A party of hunters ez kem out this away foun' him a-layin' thar on the floor stone dead. Look like he'd been murder'd and dragged plum around the whole clearin', an' the house fixins' was tore up scandalous, an' sence then thar ain't nary a man ez could stay hyar of a night. Thar was Jim Dix he come out hyar t' stay one time ez I remember, an' he got that feared by jes' a-hearin' the dead man a-walkin' around and hollerin' 'long in th' night till he was plum addled fer mighty nigh a month, an' I ain't agoin' t' put my head inter no sech place as that thar."

Knowing Bud of old, I saw that it would be useless to argue the point with him, and that nothing short of absolute necessity could induce him to go near a place with such a reputation, so I merely said: "All right, do as you like, I'm not particularly timid about these things myself, and I'm going to sleep inside there till I'm sent out or learn some definite reasons why I shouldn't."

The cabin had been built with one end directly against the cliff in order to obviate the necessity of constructing a chimney, for a gaping fissure in the rock had been roughly shaped into a huge fireplace, the smoke from

which could pass up in the fissure and escape through another opening in the face of the cliff above the cabin.

After we had made our evening meal and hung the carcase of the dead buck out of reach of any prowling animals, I started a fire in the wide fireplace, prepared a place for my blanket in a corner close to its cheerful blaze, and "turned in," leaving Bud beside his fire out in the open. As we had expected, late in the night the snow-storm came and, in spite of his fears, Bud was forced to seek shelter within the cabin. He rolled up in his blanket by my side, and in a short time we were both asleep again. I was awakened suddenly by Bud's hand upon my arm. He shook me roughly and said in a hoarse whisper:

"Didn't you hear it?"

I sat up and looked around, but the fire had gone out and the darkness was so intense that it was impossible to see anything in the cabin.

"Hear anything?" said I, "No, neither did you. Turn over and go to sleep."

Suddenly there came from above our heads a frightful scream as of someone in an agony of pain or fear. Bud gripped my arm convulsively, and we waited for a repetition of the sound. After a moment it came—from somewhere out on the mountain side. This time it seemed a long-drawn, wailing scream which died away into sobbing moans like those of a frightened child. Once again there came the piercing shrieks followed as before by the still more ghastly sound of low and distant weeping, and then we shrank back into the corner in a fresh quiver of excitement and fear, for in the hush which followed the last screams we could hear the faint sound of light footfalls upon the cabin floor and something seemed to brush past us into the very fireplace.

I could stand the suspense and uncertainty no longer—surely there was someone in the room with us—and, finding a match, I lighted a splinter of wood and looked

quickly around. The cabin was empty. Bud had crouched beneath his blanket and lay there, with his head covered, trembling with fear. There was no door to the cabin and the light snow had drifted in upon the floor. I stepped to the doorway and looked out. The snow had ceased but the wind had not yet died away and it whirled in fitful gusts down from the mountain side. At that moment I happened to look down, and almost shouted in sudden excitement, for there in the snow which had blown across the door-sill was the unmistakeable print of a naked foot, pointing *inward*.

I retired hastily to the corner by the fireplace just as my little torch flickered out in a puff of wind. And now the wind increased again, and the walls and rafters of the old cabin creaked and rattled a mournful accompaniment to the weirdness of our surroundings. A fresh outbreak of screams seemed to fill the very room, so close at hand were they, and in a momentary lull of the storm we heard the jar of a heavy fall just outside the cabin, followed immediately by the sound of some heavy body dragged along the ground. With a yell Bud sprang up and rushed from the cabin out into the darkness. I overcame a strong desire to follow him (merely to see where he was going, of course), and determined to stay there that night no matter what might happen, trying to persuade myself that our fears were foolish and unreasonable. Feeling around me on the cabin floor in the darkness, I gathered together all the sticks and dry branches I could lay my hands on and rekindled the fire. You can well imagine that I did not sleep much during the remainder of that night, but sat there by the fire waiting for something more to happen and wondering what had become of Bud. But there was no further disturbance. The sound of dragging had ceased as soon as Bud had passed out through the doorway, and only once I thought I heard that wild cry again borne on the wind from far away on the mountain side.

When daylight appeared I started out to look for my companion, and as I passed over the door sill I stopped to examine the footprints in the snow. They were those of a *panther*. At once the explanation of the "ghosts" flashed upon me,—an explanation which was afterwards verified. Two panthers had made their den in a cave of the cliff above the long-deserted cabin, using the wide fireplace and chimney as an entrance to it. It was their cries, so wonderfully like the sound of the human voice, which had terrified us in the night. One had evidently passed through the place while we were in the room, leaving the footprints in the snow, and the other, after dragging our buck from the tree limb where we had fastened it, had only been frightened away by the presence of human beings, for these panthers, though wild and extremely fierce if cornered and forced to fight, are yet very cowardly in the presence of men, and have rarely been known to make an unprovoked attack upon anyone. In all probability they would not have come around the cabin at all that night had they known of our presence, and they could only have failed to notice us at once owing to the fury of the storm which raged outside.

There was something extremely ludicrous in the contrast between the comparatively harmless reality shown in such a simple explanation and the series of events which had seemed so frightful at the time, and I laughed to myself to think how the joke would be on Bud for being such a coward. Since this was his first actual experience with "spirits," all his former fears having been merely anticipatory, I hoped that he would be sensible enough to recognize the absurdity of his superstitious ideas, which had been so thoroughly exposed.

Standing outside the cabin door I shouted loudly for him, thinking that he might have run but a short distance

and then climbed into a tree to wait for daylight as I had known him to do once before when there were wolves about. But I received no answer, and seeing that his tracks in the snow led along the trail by which we had come the day before, I decided to leave our camp outfit inside the hut and follow him up the valley. For a little distance he could be easily traced by his footprints in the snow, but upon the open places of the trail beyond the fringe of thickets around the clearing the wind had swept the ground bare or blown the snow in white, unbroken drifts, obliterating every footmark. And still I went along the trail, for I was at least sure of the direction he had taken, expecting every moment to meet him returning. The trail now was steep and rocky, and led close to the edge of a little bluff above the course of the foaming stream, which rushed along below me, almost concealed beneath its thickets of dark green, snow-sprinkled laurel. I must have walked on in my search for nearly half an hour before I realized that no one, not even Bud, could have found his way that far in the stormy darkness of such a night. He must have left the trail somewhere between me and the cabin, and I slowly retraced my steps, looking for any traces of him in every stretch of untrodden snow beside the trail. I had almost reached the clearing again when I noticed a little patch of snow, sheltered from the wind by scattered clumps of cedar bushes, and there again I saw his footprints. They led off from the trail toward the edge of the ravine. I followed them till they led to the brink of a high ledge overhanging a deep pool in the stream below. There they disappeared. . . .

Ah! the significance of that last footprint on the edge of the rock. In his unreasoning terror he must have stumbled blindly on through the darkness until he wandered from the trail and plunged to his death in the dark waters of the stream, a victim to his own superstitious fears.

—*W. C. Erdman.*

SONNET.

On lofty summits bathed in snowy cloud,
What time the cool wind opens up a rift,
Sudden, upon the gazer's eye there crowd
Visions of brook and meadow, soon to drift
Again behind the dense white veil of mist,
And vanish as those forms we oft descry
In summer clouds all bright and sunset-kissed
Which move so slow across the western sky.

Ah! could we enter in behind the veil,
Oft our poor wildered eyes would find full true—
Dreams which we worship in the poet's tale;
Visions we long for in the quiet blue
Of our own hearts—and yet we pass them by
Till, all too soon, into the dark they fly.

—*R. D. Dripps.*

A NINETEENTH CENTURY CRITIC.

The critic of the nineteenth century has attained to a wider view of his mission than his predecessor, and has set for himself new goals. The persistent efforts of such writers as Goethe and Carlyle have helped to transform criticism from a lifeless factor into a living force in literature. This was attained only by each contributing to the work his own individuality and style. Some were merely pedantic. Others became destructive that they might erect anew. A very few sought to encourage and inspire. Each worked with an earnest purpose and many scholarly criticisms were produced. But even the critical works of Arnold and Carlyle frequently show hasty and unfamiliar acquaintance with the authors studied. As a clearer con-

ception of the vital relation of form and matter grew, criticism became more appreciative and aesthetic. Among recent critics we find one whose works stand not only for calm, discreet judgment, but illustrate the true relation of art to scholarship. We refer to Walter Pater.

In both his aim and style Pater differs from his contemporaries. He was essentially a critic of life—not life as a mere existence, but life with all its complexity of changing emotions, thoughts and actions, the life which is the essence of literature. His task was more than the search after the *soul* in literature and art, it was the delicate expression thereof. His sensitive nature shrank from the cold, heavy style so often seen in criticism. He realized its deadening influence; new life must be infused before criticism could really be a quickening force. He foresaw clearly that this needed vitality could spring only from the close union of art with learning. His ambition was to accomplish this union. He was willing to toil if only he could give to truth a perfect expression. One feels his motto on every page: "Let the critic first excel, then teach." Steadily adhering to this principle, he strove in every work, from "Winckelmann" to the last essay on "Plato and Platonism," to make criticism a literary art.

Pater was well fitted for such a work. From early youth he had breathed the cultured atmosphere of Oxford. Contact with the world's great writers had strengthened a mind naturally discerning. A close association with letters had not weakened his originality of conception. It was rather intensified by a constant accumulation of concrete ideas. While his mind was open to every new idea, his eye was equally keen in noting form and color. The least semblance of beauty attracted his attention. He describes himself when he speaks in his "Marius" of the "spontaneous surrender to outward impressions." This

sensibility gives a peculiar warmth and glow to all his essays,—especially to that on “Wordsworth,” and to the “Greek Studies.”

By this equipment and environment nature evidently predetermined Pater's style. Artistic utterance is the natural offspring of a fertile mind and of an aesthetic temperament. Dignity of thought compelled him to seek adequacy of expression. Though definiteness and strength of expression may at times be lacking, the precision of the artist never fails him. Such a spirit, in complete harmony with a chosen work, demanded of Pater unceasing activity. Bringing all his powers into play he focused every effort upon one purpose weaving it like a golden strand into every criticism. He tells us his “first desire” was to see things in a clear, clean vision and then express them in a new, fresh, striking way. Whether interpreting art, which seemed his greatest sphere, or studying literature this desire animated him. It breathed a spirit into his studies of Michael Angelo and Botticelli that made them masterpieces. In them as in his “Appreciations,” he penetrates to the heart after profound study. With a delicacy of insight he uncovers the individual trend of the artist's thought and explains his motives. Picturing the imaginative environments, he invests the whole scene with the charm of reality. Looking, as it were, through Pater's eyes, the reader sees new beauty in every author studied.

It was in this subtle interpretation of poet and painter alike that Pater's sympathetic nature aided him. The thoughts and feelings of others struck responsive chords within him. Making the spirit of an author his own, he prepared to explain his moods. “Lamb felt the genius of places” as he himself felt them. “Wordsworth,” he comments, “values most that most elementary expression of elementary feelings,” hence he employs pastoral life as the scene for “the great exhibition of emotion” because of its

"passionate sincerity." Strength of opinion is admired by Pater for its own sake, but the "spontaneity of emotional feeling," because it pleased him. Whatever was beautiful, quaint or original, that was worthy of his thoughtful study. Real merit seldom escaped his eye. Dragging a comparatively unknown artist to the light, he shows how Botticelli's quaint designs "convey a truer complexion of humanity" than is usual, and "convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we could not get elsewhere." This same appreciative spirit is carried through every work.

Critics of the querulous type, like Rousseau, find no ally in Pater. Depreciation of a work was not his forte. Studying the spirit of art, not petty caviling about form, was the critic's real function. By praising the best in a work, he placed it in striking contrast to the empty and colorless. Why wound by mentioning faults made so evident? The spirit he assigns to Raphael is his own also—"I am utterly purposed that I will not offend." If compelled to differ, there is no censorious outburst. He prefers to maintain a severe but reverential attitude toward the achievements of others.

As already suggested, Pater is neither superficial nor hasty in his judgments. His conclusions were reached slowly. Looking into "the very soul of literature," he sees, he feels and ponders. Then, having put his whole soul into the task, he gives us a thoughtful criticism. Its scope and fullness are almost unlimited. In his "Imaginary Portraits" he adds idea to idea with rare delicacy of touch. Now and then, as though words fail him, he merely suggests the images that crowd into his mind.

The clothing of each idea in a graceful and charming manner is the crowning feature of Pater's work. He wished to make his essays object lessons—stimuli to grace of expression. His "Marius, the Epicurean" and

"Plato" show how well he attained his ideal of "excellence." He did not "play with rich and strange expressions, but used them effectively" to express the imaginative thought of his criticism in a simple and pleasing manner. Each phrase was moulded until he had "fit words in fit places." Then, his sentences flow smoothly along as though conscious of the valuable freight they carry. One is tempted to say of his style what he said of Leonardo's "La Giaconda,"—"It is a beauty wrought out from within . . . the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts, and fantastic reveries, and exquisite passions."

The faults of Pater were not of such a character as to deeply mar his work. He often neglected to point out mistakes. He would not tell everyone as he told Merimée, of "that singular harshness in his ideal, as if, in theological language, he were incapable of grace." It must be acknowledged that his exclusive use of *taste* as a criterion is not judicious. Though his sympathy was intense, he allowed his philosophical tendencies to limit its ranges, and, during the greater part of his life, little conception of the beauty of the soul or spirit within man claimed his close attention. Regarding too highly the things which especially appealed to his senses, he lost at times the broad relationship of things. His vivid style, however, conceals his faults so skillfully that we forget their existence when we are reading his books.

The solitariness of his work makes it impossible to properly estimate Pater's true place among critics. Nevertheless, he has given to criticism a truer tone and color than it ever possessed before. His genius has clearly demonstrated the vital relation of artistic to scholarly criticism. By example, rather than by precept, he has sought to stimulate literary activity.

—*Clifford A. Morton.*

TRIOLET.

Her roguish little eyes are blue;
 But can you tell just what they're saying?
 Whene'er they seem to look at you,
 —Her roguish little eyes so blue—
 You're sure no *other* fellow knew
 A half of what they are betraying.
 Her roguish little eyes are blue;
 But can *you* tell just what they're saying?
 —*R. D. Dripps.*

A TWILIGHT MOOD.

I.

Float, float astray
 Waywardly over the waves I'll float
 In an oarless, sailless boat;
 Yet the fading roar from the old, gray shore—may it fade not away!

II.

High over me—
 Leaving the light of the eve to die—
 Shall lie the deepening sky;
 Yet the while I'd keep the smiling still of a gleam o'er the sea.

III.

I'm weary of Day—
 Day, with its glare, with its scething and roar.—
 I'm weary to-night of the Shore;
 And I'll float thro' the twilight, far into a dream—but not too far away.

—*William Miller Gamble.*

A STATEMENT OF FACT.

One evening last summer a cutter-yacht was swinging lazily in the swell of Lake Michigan, directly outside of Little Traverse Bay. She was becalmed, and the persons aboard were waiting patiently until a breeze should spring up, or until their friends on shore should send out a launch after them. In the meantime they were amusing themselves, as thousands of others have done under similar circumstances, by telling stories in rotation. The first had been an old legend of the Rhine, with a gloomy castle, a melancholy baron, a mysterious visitor, and a tragic death. The second had recounted the supernatural powers of a cameo exquisitely carved by a love-sick Frenchman who was a Jesuit missionary to the Indians at St. Ignace in the days of Louis XIV. The third was an out-and-out ghost story, resting on the sturdy supports of murder and revenge. It was after this last tale that an objection was raised. One of the party, a junior at a woman's college, said earnestly :

"These stories have been awfully clever, and I've enjoyed them ever and ever so much, but I'm rather ashamed of myself for enjoying them. Because I'm not a bit superstitious and I don't think the rest of you are, either. People brought up as we are should not bother themselves about 'goblins' and 'mysterious influences' and such nonsense. Mr. Greyson, your turn comes next. Won't you promise not to mention the word 'ghost?' Let the supernatural alone; just give a plain statement of fact, can't you?"

The man addressed, gazed for a few moments at the shore which was gradually becoming blacker and blacker in the dusk, and then answered :

"I think I can promise, Miss Holcome. I won't mention the word 'ghost.'"

* * * * *

If you should go to any self-respecting sailor on

Lake Huron and say: "Will you join an expedition for raising the coin from the wreck of the *Laughing Girl*?" he would answer "No" very emphatically, and would probably curse you.

So much is hypothetical, Miss Holcome. Now for the plain statement of fact.

About forty years ago a Detroit bank in the course of its business was called upon to deliver \$200,000 in coin at one of the Lake Michigan ports. Nowadays the money would be sent by express, but this was forty years ago. So the bank chartered a schooner, a neat, sturdy little craft, called the *Laughing Girl*. The bags of money were stored away in the hold, and on a bright April morning, the *Laughing Girl* left her dock and made good time up the river with a free wind. The third day out from Port Huron, when about a hundred miles south of Detroit, the schooner ran into some nasty weather, a squally northeaster with rain. The sailing directions had been "caution above all else." So the captain thought it his duty to scud under headsails for protection in Thunder Bay.

It was night when the bay entrance was reached. While rounding the North Point, where the tall, white lighthouse now stands, the schooner ripped open her bottom on a rock. The next minute she was in sheltered water but was filling rapidly. The crew had barely time to get away in the yawl before the *Laughing Girl*, with her \$200,000 cargo was scaring the fishes down below. That is how the money was lost. The crew reached Alcena safely and eventually turned up in Detroit with news of the disaster.

Those were the early days of the lake wrecking business, and the most energetic men at that time were allied together in what we will call the North Star Wrecking Company. This company purchased the *Laughing Girl* and its cargo for something like \$115,000; a clear profit of

\$85,000 was expected from the deal. The company's schooner was immediately sent out for Thunder Bay, and the wreck was located without much difficulty. It was lying on a gravel bottom in fifty feet of water.

The wrecking methods of forty years ago were rather primitive, and there was none of that strict, military discipline which the modern companies insist upon. This schooner carried one diver—a young Englishman named Wilson—and outfit. He prepared himself for the preliminary descent. Outside his marine suit there was fastened to his back a sort of harness, strapped to the shoulders and the waist. To this harness the lowering rope was attached, passed through a pulley on the bowsprit, and thence aft to the forward capstan. In this way the diver was lowered into the water, suspended exactly as a kitten is when you lower it to the floor. As soon as the signal-rope told that the diver had reached bottom, the capstan crew's work was over for the time being, and leaving their companions who were managing the air-pipe, they joined the others in the stern.

It was perhaps a half hour later when someone in the bow yelled: "Come quick; he's pulling the signal rope." The crew rushed forward to man the capstan. They turned it a little, and then it stopped. One big-footed sailor was standing on the signal rope. The men at the bars tugged and grunted and strained. The capstan clicked three times more and then refused to budge. The pulley on the bowsprit creaked under the tension. No one understood, and no one stopped to consider.

"Help 'em, boys; help 'em," shouted the captain; and four more brawny armed men opposed their strength to the obstinate bars. Then with a jerk the capstan turned, and its regular clicking kept time to the wheezing of the air-pump. Everybody began to wonder what had been the matter, and all eyes were directed towards one

spot directly beneath the bowsprit. Slowly, uniformly, the big rope raised itself, black and oozing, from the depths. After a while the copper helmet appeared and glistened in the sunshine. Then came the shoulders, and the arms, and the chest, and that was all—except the blood.

The capstan ceased to click. The air-pump ceased to wheeze. The crew retired to the stern, all except one poor wretch who lay on the deck and shrieked in an agony of terror. Wilson had probably got his hips wedged in between two timbers. Someone had made a mistake in regard to the signal rope, and when the strain came, the unremitting strain, it was more than bones and muscle could stand. The result is a nasty thing to contemplate, so one can imagine what it must have been for the poor devils who saw and knew that they were responsible.

The schooner returned to Detroit with half a corpse, and without the coin. The crew was very solemn. That is how the first expedition ended.

The company immediately engaged another diver, and were compelled to engage a new crew for the most part, too. Again the schooner was sent northward from Detroit. The first night out she was anchored in St. Clair Flats waiting for a fog to lift. In some unexplained way a fire arose in the galley, and the luckless craft burned to the water's edge. The crew reached shore minus three of their number who were drowned as the yawl was getting away. That is how the second expedition ended. In the meantime Wilson's widow brought suit against the company for her husband's death.

After the schooner's loss the company began negotiations for another boat. They succeeded in procuring a tug, which was then equipped as a wrecker. But some difficulty was encountered in shipping a suitable crew, for sailors are very apt to be foolish about some things.

Finally, however, the tug left Detroit and at Port Huron was sighted as she passed out of the river and began to push her way across the broad, blue expanse of heaving Huron. From that day to this nothing more has been heard of her. That is how the third expedition ended.

About the time the company were ready to acknowledge their loss, the Michigan Court rendered its decision in the case "Julia Wilson v. North Star Wrecking Company." By this decision the latter was ordered to pay the widow \$20,000 indemnity. This the company was unable to do. Counting on quick returns it had borrowed money for the purchase of the wreck in the first place. After the burning of the schooner, affairs had been in a desperate state and everything had hinged on the success of the tug. But as the tug had been sent out uninsured, bankruptcy was inevitable. A receiver was appointed to sell the company's property and pay a percentage on the company's debts. The property consisted of a warehouse, a small boat, some tools, and the title to the *Laughing Girl* and cargo. But no one seemed willing to buy the latter, although it had cost \$115,000. Finally it was put up at auction, and the ownership of \$200,000 was sold for a mere song to an unknown man.

There is no doubt but that this stranger, with some companions, was drowned in an attempt to possess what the law declared was certainly his. Who then inherited the title no one seems to know. Since that time several attempts, more or less secret, have been made to lift that sunken cargo in Thunder Bay. All have been unsuccessful and some have been fatal. There are people who say that this oddity is due to the fact that all good sailors refuse to have anything to do with such affairs. Sailors are the most foolish class of men in the world.

Perhaps the most recent of these expeditions was one made in 1893. The wrecker, in this instance, was a pretty

little steam yacht, painted white, with yellow stack. This attempt came very, very near success, but was a failure, and connected therewith were some unpleasant details. But they were told in confidence, and it would not be right to say anything more about them at this time ; I will only add that this expedition proved beyond a doubt that, at the time, the wreck of the *Laughing Girl* was still in Thunder Bay, and the coin was still in the wreck, also the bones.

That all this occurred is known, but why all this occurred is not known. The lake sailors have a theory,—but, of course, the lake sailors are a poor, ignorant lot, and very superstitious.

—Meade T. Williams.

EDITORIAL.

UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT PRINCETON.

The article in the June *Scribner's* on "Undergraduate Life at Princeton—Old and New," by Mr. James W. Alexander, of the Class of '60, breathes the spirit of "Old Nassau" from beginning to end. No Princeton man can read it without feeling a renewed enthusiasm. It is not, however, the Princeton of to-day that we see here reflected. Mr. Alexander has wisely devoted the greater part of his article to the Princeton with which he himself was most familiar, and to the traditions which are so sacred to all Princeton men. So it is that those phases of the campus life which are of a comparatively recent origin, such as the present upper-class club life, are barely alluded to; while other minor customs, such as the Freshman and Sophomore parades, the Sophomore "horse-hats," the Washington's Birthday exercises, etc., are not mentioned at all. Mr. Alexander credits the present undergraduates with at least two customs which dropped out of the campus life before our day. We refer to the Sophomores annual painting of the "cannon" green, and to the issuing of "Proclamations." To-day, instead of the cannon, the Sophomores exercise their artistic proclivities on the water tower, while the "Procs." have disappeared without leaving any substitute. Those of us who are now in college cannot help regretting the absence in Mr. Alexander's article, of any allusion to Senior Singing, for, after all, this is the best-loved custom that we have; the one which

we delight to tell outsiders about, and which they seem to enjoy the most; the one in which all of us eventually take part, and which—more than any other—sums up all the happy good fellowship of Princeton undergraduate life. We believe that the present campus life “centres” around the steps of “Old North and the Senior Singing” far more than it does “around the Whig and Clio Halls.” We love to hear the enthusiasm with which the graduates speak of the Halls, and many of us feel very strongly as to the influence which they ought to exert on the life of the University, but certain it is that their position to-day is not so prominent as it was twenty years ago. Whether or not a return to the old system of electioneering would be a change for the better, as Mr. Alexander seems to suggest, is a very different question, and one which it is practically impossible to decide at the present time. This and many other similar questions await a fuller discussion and a more thorough consideration in the future. The Princeton of to-day, with its special interests and with the problems peculiar to itself, has yet to be reflected, and this reflection must come, not from the older alumni, but from men now undergraduates, who are willing to devote their time and their thought to the service of “Old Nassau.”

THE DEPARTMENTS.

Most of the readers and critics of the NASSAU LIT. give far too little attention to the work of the various departments such as the “Gossip,” the “Editor’s Table,” and “Book-Talk.” As a matter of fact these embrace one of the most important parts of the magazine. They serve to distinguish it from other periodicals of a similar nature. They reflect the Princeton undergraduate’s point of view as to life and literature,—in an easy, unconventional way, to be sure, but perhaps the more faithfully for that very

reason. Particularly is this true of the "Gossip." It is its very nature and purpose to express in as suggestive a way as possible, what life as a Princeton undergraduate really means; to give little pictures of campus life; to deal with questions vitally connected with the college world; to criticise, now and then, in a friendly way; but, above all, to reflect the inner spirit of that "intangible thing that Princeton men worship under the endearing name of "Old Nassau." Of course, this can only be done in a most inadequate way, yet it is work along the line which eventually leads to books such as "Princeton Stories" and "Under the Elms." The "Gossip" is more, however, than mere practice for the writer. Its many-sided little discussions are apt to show a closer knowledge of the *Princeton* familiar to the LIT.'s readers than even the best writings of our alumni can possibly do. They may lack the true perspective, as well as the deeper insight which accompanies it, but this is more than atoned for by a certain vividness of detail and by a warmth of enthusiasm which half escapes when "the four long years of college" are over.

The "Editor's Table" and "Book-Talk," on the other hand, take us out of ourselves. They show us the literary works of other colleges, and give us a glimpse of literature as a whole. But these departments, also, have an additional importance because they give an idea, however imperfect, of what it is in literature which appeals to Princeton men. The little essays which begin them define this clearly, and in the poetry selected from the exchanges, as well as in the books which meet with a favorable review at the hands of "Book-Talk," we have examples of the taste, the likes and dislikes of the undergraduates without in the least degree detracting from the originality of the critics. For these reasons this part of the magazine is well worth reading every time it appears.

COLLEGE GAMES ON COLLEGE GROUNDS.

Some of our alumni are strongly in favor of having all contests between college teams confined to those which can be played on college grounds. The general public are inclined to agree with this position. Nevertheless, it is by no means free from objection. Granting all that is said as to the evil effect which the publicity of city games often exerts upon the players, granting the disrepute into which our leading universities have been brought by the conduct of certain so-called undergraduates after the game, there yet remain arguments in favor of the other side of this question which are lacking neither in force nor in cogency. Whether or not the advantages resulting to a university from games clean and well-played off college grounds, overbalance the harm done by the greatly exaggerated rowdiness with which the students are credited after the contest is over, one can hardly say. Regardless of this question, and for entirely independent reasons, some of the recent baseball games played between college teams on college grounds have given rise to grave doubts as to the advisability of the contemplated change. We refer to the difficulty of securing to a visiting team fair play from the undergraduate spectators. We do not claim for Princeton any exemption from this charge. The members of visiting teams, as well as their supporters, have in many instances been very cordial in expressing their appreciation of the courtesy extended to them on the Princeton diamond. Yet, we believe that to a certain extent, this difficulty applies to Princeton as well as to all other universities. We have no hesitation, however, in asserting that certain performances which took place recently on the grounds of one of the New England universities would have called forth from Princeton men unqualified indignation had they been perpetrated here by representatives of this college. Interference on the part of spectators with a

ball when it is in play can never be justifiable, nor will any amount of sudden enthusiasm excuse spectators from an onrush upon the diamond during the progress of the game. Exhibitions of this sort are but additional proofs that the time is not yet ripe for confining college contests to college grounds if fair play is essential. Meanwhile, whatever decision may be given to this question, universities maintaining baseball teams owe it to visiting teams to provide between the spectators and the diamond a fence of some sort, however unpretentious or even temporary it may be.

GOSSIP.

Let me taste the old immortal
Indolence of life once more ;
Not recalling nor foreseeing,
Let the great, slow joys of being
Well my heart through as of yore !
Let me taste the old immortal
Indolence of life once more.

—*Bliss Carman.*

Go to the ant, thou sluggard.

—*King Solomon.*

There is a man now in college who had always expected to study medicine until the second term of Junior year. He then learned that histology comes at the first hour in the morning, so he decided to be a lawyer. That is a specimen of sincere laziness. You may deprecate the laziness, but you must admire the sincerity. There is another man who makes it his custom to loll around every evening ; sometimes in his own room, generally elsewhere. He is fond of talking about his tired feeling, and when people call him a lazy dog, he smiles and inhales his cigarette with a very satisfied look on his face. At about eleven o'clock he yawns and says he will go to bed, but he never adds that the doctor has forbidden him to use his eyes at night, nor does he explain that he is in the habit of rising every morning at six, and working hard until breakfast. Yet such is the fact. That is a type of artificial laziness. It is much more common in Princeton than the sincere type. Stevenson tells us somewhere that even the most virtuous of men likes others to think him a bit of a rogue with the ladies. So also in college, an undeserved reputation for laziness is a sweet morsel to the average tongue.

This mild form of hypocrisy develops very early in the course. Two Freshmen were walking past the Gym. a week or so ago, and the following conversation was overheard :

"Going to poll this evening?"

"Nit. This isn't polling weather."

"You're just about the laziest man in the class."

As gold to a miser was that accusation to the Freshman. He tried not to appear self-conscious, but it was too great an effort. He assumed that air of complete satisfaction which a cat exhibits when she purrs and rubs herself against your leg. And that Freshman is not an exceptional person, either. There can be only one laziest man in each class, but there are fifty who would be tickled at having the reputation. We all feel rather sheepish when a friend finds us polling, or writing an oration, or laboriously picking out something new on the mandolin. We all like people to think that we get second group in psychology with the sole assistance of two hours and a syllabus. Even the most assiduous collector of honors in college will tell you in confidence that his besetting sin is laziness, and if you don't believe him his feelings will be hurt. If you are hard up for money, go to any classmate, call him a lazy, good-for-nothing devil, and his purse is yours.

What has caused this apotheosis of indolence? Why must we be industrious on the sly, like the little boy who is a smoker only when hiding behind the woodshed? Can it be on account of the seductive influence of the authors whose works are put into our hands as classics? It is rather hard on a Sophomore to sweat for an hour in finding out that Horace recommends a quiet keg-party in Potter's Woods. Thackeray, too, in one of his delightful digressions, devotes several pages to the praise of *otium*. Did you ever notice that whenever Thackeray says anything for which his conscience troubles him, he always expresses the most important word in a foreign language? All his naughty allusions are in French; all his heresies are in Greek; so when he praises idleness, he calls it *otium*, *dulce otium*.

Then there is another possible explanation of our hypocritical aspect toward industry. It is the present fashion of jumping on the heroes of Sunday School books. Everyone makes fun of those books modelled after "Sandford and Merton," the books that were read to us when we were kids. They are inartistic, they are pernicious, they are absurd, say our modern critics. Poor little Sunday School hero! Merely because he worked hard and cleaned his finger-nails everyone hates him. If he had chewed tobacco and run away from home, we would take him to our arms. And yet, after all, the boy who works hard is not necessarily a prig; at least, it is to be hoped not. For our fathers were such boys, or our grandfathers, or great-grandfathers; otherwise we would not be here—most of us. Huckleberry Finn is a delightful character to read of, with his warts and his dead cats. But suppose you were the son of Huck Finn. Would you be a member of Princeton University? Would you have ever seen the inside of Marquand Chapel—or the grill room?

And now, having preached this sermon, the Gossip will try to prepare himself for that examination which comes at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. But first he would pay his humble tribute to those who are so soon to relinquish the steps. The solemn lions never heard any better singing than theirs, and the music is but a type. So it will not be with any excess of confidence that the present Junior Class assume protection of Old Nassau's portals on June 16.

'97, here's to you, and good luck when you brush up against the wide, wide.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

There are some pursuits engaged in by college men, in which so high a standard of excellence has been reached, that they are apt to look down on others equally so, if not more important, in which relatively such merit is unattainable. The four years of undergraduate life are the athletic years *par excellence*, for, with few exceptions, here only are the proper conditions and incentives for the necessary careful and systematic training. The result is that in some branches of athletics the collegian is supreme. The university that can turn out a champion football team may well point to it with pride as the best that the country can produce; and the same may be said of other sports of field and track.

But when we come to literature there is a marked change. Here maturity is necessary, and excellence is only attained after years of loving, painstaking toil. Naturally there is small interest taken in it outside of those who are immediately concerned. The man who pays a dollar to attend a championship football game sees the best thing of its kind; while he who purchases a college magazine obtains something, by its very nature, immature and of little moment.

But this lack of development is a characteristic not only of college literary work, but of all undergraduate mental life. The university does not finish a man's education, it only lays the foundation upon which he himself must build. While we are willing to concede this in many branches, still, we are apt to despise the college periodical, as if it had no excuse for existence unless it turned out ripe, finished work. This is not and never can be its function. Like the required courses of the curriculum, it is only a training to fit each man better to play his part in the world. While the young writer should measure his work carefully by the very best, he can never hope to attain it then, when he is at the very beginning of things. When the young Keats and Collins appear the whole world wonders and applauds, but for one who wins the crown of wild olives in his youth, a thousand others attain it only in the days of grey hair and wrinkled foreheads.

Even when we grant that the primary end of periodicals of this type is to train, a difference of opinion may arise as to how this end may best be subserved. While the Table realizes that this difference of opinion exists, it seems to him that no greater aid could be found, that nothing

could be more necessary than the cultivation of style. That this is true the college editor need only turn to his exchanges to ascertain. How many really original ideas are hampered, and how many clever tales are marred, by the lack of this one thing. Even when a sense for style is present, in how many cases there is but the servile imitation of some of the popular young writers of the day. One meets with a constant rehashing of Rudyard Kipling and Anthony Hope until one turns away weary, and wonders whether the college man will ever try to let the style be the *man* instead of being the *ghost* of some celebrity. To attain good style it is necessary, of course, to study those who have mastered it most completely, but to consciously and servilely imitate them, the Table believes to be injurious from the mere fact that it is *imitation*.

But we are apt to pass over this question of style altogether and lay the greatest strength on the possession of ideas. Yes, ideas are necessary, but what if we cannot express them? "Droch," in a recent informal address, remarked that if there was one thing undergraduates lacked above all others, it was ideas; but form they could and should cultivate. Mr. Walter Besant, in an article written some years ago, urges the same thing, saying, "To cultivate good style, write poetry."

No form of college literary work has been so ridiculed as its verse. We are told that it is full of false sentiment, and that is true; that there is a straining after effect; that poor judgment is shown in selecting subjects; that it is grandiose and lacks imagination. But granting all this, and aside from the fact that only by constant writing may we overcome these faults, its very necessity as a schooling in form and command of language, is sufficient excuse for the existence of the unequal and faulty verse which undergraduates produce. But, as the Table has already remarked, this is only the beginning of things, and, after all, our ugly duckling may develop into a swan. So let us not be afraid to write poetry, at all events let us try to write good verse, and when we are through we may have the satisfaction of discovering "that a song has been sung." At least our style will improve.

THE HIGH TIDE.

Gray is the evening sky: no sunset glow
 Tinges the ocean with its soft, warm light.
 Out from the gathering darkness masses white
 Along the shore move restless to and fro.
 The impetuous waves, that but an hour ago
 Crouched trembling, and drew backwards in affright,
 Now lift proud, quivering heads aloft, and smite
 With deafening roar the yellow sands below.
 The tossed-up foam gathers itself anew,
 And creeps far out upon the sloping shore.
 Higher the swollen waters rise to view,
 And ever louder sounds the breakers' roar:
 While overhead, casting her veil aside,
 The moon shares in the triumph of the tide.

—H. R. P., in *Bryn Mawr "Lantern."*

A SIMILE.

I see the moonlight's warm and mellow glow
 And brooding waters silent, dim and wide.
 A single line of gold rests on the tide,
 Till o'er the waste, full peacefully and slow
 A western wind creeps murmuringly low,
 And waked by touch divinely purified,
 A million stars break forth and flashing ride
 The writhing deep—the billows golden flow.
 Thus o'er lone surface of a human soul
 Illumined faint by spark of light divine,
 The breath of music sweet perchance may roll
 And turn to seas of flame one golden line—
 To starry fires that quivering surge on high,
 Then fading with the sound, gleam out and die.

Aaron H. Currier, in the *Oberlin "Review."*

BOOK - TALK.

"The words of my book nothing, the drift of it everything."—*Walt Whitman.*

"Now, the great books are different from all other books in their possession of this mysterious vital force."—*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

There is and has been for at least two generations—perhaps, indeed, for three or four—a certain steady and increasing demand for "something to read" in the line of fiction. This strange fascination seems to have taken hold on all minds from the gravest scholar down to the urchin shivering on the windy street corner over his dime novel. At the gay seashore, or in the quiet mountain resorts, on the lake or in camp, summer and winter, this educating factor is ever present, moulding principles and creating sentiments which, to a greater or less degree, are potent factors in the moral and social life of the country.

One would scarcely recognize in Richardson's modest "Pamela" of a century and a half ago, the beginnings of the modern novel. Great changes have taken place since then, and what was started as a mere venture has become the distinctive literary form of the present day. If we seek the causes of this remarkable spread of the popularity of the novel, we find that they center about a "mysterious vital force," which permeates them all. They are books of life by reason of the personality which we continually see in them and behind them. From the reader's standpoint, this personal element in the novel constitutes its greatest power. All novels are written from one point of view—the novelist's. They are his vision of the world. In them life, in all its magnitude and chaos is seen, and characters of flesh and blood are reflected by each individual brain as characters no less real—to the author—but yet simply creatures of the imagination. This is what charms us. We will forget the descriptions of customs and manners, even the plot of the most fascinating story, but the creations of such writers as Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Stevenson and a host of others, are destined to remain with us for ever.

Thackeray, with the rare skill of a master, placed in the world of vice and knavery the fair Amelia and the faithful Major Dobbin. Pendennis, with the approving air of reckless youth, looks at the world

from the idle repose of a club window, while in striking contrast we have his confiding mother, tender and lovable, apart from the world and unspotted by its taint. Who would not read through the whole field of fiction to follow such a character as Colonel Newcomb? We hold his memory as sacred as of one we have loved—the strong, humble, simple-minded soldier with the heart of a child.

George Eliot's work fills us with an intense sense of reality. Her pages are alive with character, and everything she touches becomes symbolic of human sympathies or antipathies. Her characters are substantial, living people, drawn with keen truth and insight, and in order to interest us in them she was not forced to rely on outward eccentricities. In Tom and Maggie Tulliver, in Dorothea or Gwendolen, we reach the inner experiences of the human heart.

Probably no characters in recent fiction are better or more widely known than the wonderful creations of Stevenson. They are not mere dummies. They breathe, and have been created and endowed with flesh, blood and bone. The mere mention of John Silver, the "seafaring man with one leg," or Alan Breck, with his audacious courage, brings up a host of memories of pirates, hair-breadth escapes, cruel hatreds and mighty friendships, and characters such as they will be remembered long after the mere plot or the scenes which cluster round about them will have been forgotten.

The student of literature, or anyone who reads with a higher purpose in view than mere pleasure, will find in the revised edition of "*The English Novel, a Study in the Development of Personality*,"* by Sidney Lanier, one of the most suggestive studies of modern fiction as yet written. It consists of a series of twelve lectures delivered at the Johns Hopkins University in the winter and spring of 1881. The author attempts to prove that the novel as a form of prose expression originated largely as the result of the growth which has taken place since the days of Aeschylus and Plato in the "personality of man." He calls attention to the "simultaneous rise of music, science, and the novel," and deduces from this fact that "increase of personality has required more complex forms of expression." But, perhaps, the most interesting part of Mr. Lanier's book is that in which he illustrates the above points by extracts from leading novels. The brief history of the development of the novel from Richardson and Fielding to George Eliot and her contemporaries; the attack on Zola and his theory of "scientific fiction"; the apt allusions to the poets—with which the lectures abound—are all worthy of the most careful consideration. But it is when we come to the more detailed references to Adam Bede and to "*The Mill on the Floss*," to *Silas Marner*, and to *Daniel Deronda*, that we are made most conscious

* *The English Novel; a Study in the Development of Personality.* By Sidney Lanier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

of the critical insight of Mr. Lanier. To the student of George Eliot the book is invaluable, and, indeed, no one should pass it by, save those who have no interest in questions of vital relation to the literary life of this century, to whom it is hard worth while to recommend any book.

Many well informed critics think they see in the present day tendency a return to the earliest form of writing, the pure romance of adventure, where the writers, using the simpler instead of the complicated kind of novel, trust more to incident and less to the details of manners and character. In view of this fact "The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of the Allegory,"* by George Saintsbury, M.A., affords an especially interesting study at this time. This is the second of a series of works upon the different periods of European literature, the apparent object of which is to present Europe "for intellectual and spiritual purposes as one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result." The book cannot be said to belong to that class whose sole object is attained in the stimulation of study and appreciation. In itself it represents a vast deal of research into obscure origins, pondering of perplexing evidence, and, naturally, the author presupposes a degree of special interest and previous information in the reader who would follow him comprehensively. And yet, even to a novice in the history of romance, the book is anything but dull: short quotations from gallant verse; terse paraphrases of quaint tales—all sparingly yet tellingly employed,—together with those suggestive yet clear-cut observations on their essential qualities which Mr. Saintsbury knows how to make; these give an impetus toward the cultivation of insight that is rather increased than diminished by the other matter in the book which he finds somewhat beyond him. After a chapter on the importance of church Latin, particularly Latin Hymnology, in its influence on literary "form and method," the author proceeds to the *Chansons de Geste*. These rude, gallant songs of the *Jongleurs*, are looked upon with a favor that has not been shared by Matthew Arnold and M. Brunetiere; in fact, throughout the book Mr. Saintsbury finds it necessary to protest against the coldness with which these critics, with their academic ideals, have regarded mediæval romance. One of the most interesting chapters in the book treats of the development of the Arthurian Legend, which the author considers the greatest and most perfect product of the whole literary movement. Other chapters that hold the attention of the average reader may be the one that treats of Middle High German poetry and that which tells of Icelandic and Provençal romance. The subject of Allegory occupies one chapter, but otherwise is not made so important as the book's title might warrant, except where the writer indicates the importance of "allegorical

* *The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of the Allegory.* By George Saintsbury, M.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

capacity" to the perpetuity of a romance, and when he finely speaks of "that double meaning . . . which is, after all, the salvation of things literary, since every age, adopting the outer meaning, can suit the inner meaning to its own taste and need." The standpoint Mr. Saintsbury has assumed throughout the work is distinctly and exclusively a literary one. The book is nothing if not scholarly, and requires careful reading to be fully appreciated. It is certainly one of those works which are sure to be prized by those who seek for a broader and a deeper acquaintance with literature.

Of the immense numbers of novels which are now written, a very large proportion cannot be called in any true sense bad, and of the still considerable number which are written by our best men there are few which may not be called in a very real sense good. Unfortunately many of our best proved writers continue to turn out work without seeming to give a thought to the style of their books, with the plot, with the general stage management and stage carpentry. It is, then, with a feeling of satisfaction that one turns to Mr. James Barnes' latest book, "*A Loyal Traitor*."* The book itself is very tastily gotten up, and puts one immediately in the mood for enjoying the story. It is written in a delightfully romantic style, and purports to be the memoirs of a sailor, John Hurdiss, the manuscript of which was found hidden away in an old garret in the town of Stonington, Connecticut. The first few chapters deal with the hero's boyhood, about which a certain air of mystery seems to hang. After his mother's death he is taken in charge by the family lawyer, but soon after goes to Stonington and lives for a time with an eccentric uncle, a Frenchman. Becoming discontented, he runs away to sea, and the remainder of the book is taken up with an account of his remarkable adventures. He is captured in a naval engagement, taken to England, escapes, and finally is taken on board a French vessel where he unexpectedly finds relatives. The story is told in the first person, and the realistic effect is greatly heightened thereby. The light thread of love which runs through the whole, serves to brighten many passages which otherwise would seem dull and uninteresting.

As a rule the favorite writers are not the great writers. By a happy thought or charm of expression contained in one—or perhaps two or three books—they capture the fancy, and we await expectantly each new product of their pen. In "*The Choir Invisible*,"† Mr. James Lane Allen has given us some more of that descriptive writing which has justly won such high praise for the "*Kentucky Cardinal*." Few American authors can rival Mr. Allen in his smooth, flowing style, with its wealth of original illustrations, its singular poetic beauty and

* *A Loyal Traitor*. By James Barnes. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

† *The Choir Invisible*. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.

well-chosen words. But in this last book of his all this wealth of language has been lavished upon a plot which lacks interest from beginning to end. Even Thackeray found it no easy task to reconcile the readers of "Henry Esmond" to having the hero marry the mother of his first love, and Mr. Allen is far less successful than Thackeray. One could almost believe that he was conscious of this weakness in the plot, and that he tried to make up for it by the surfeit of description with which the book abounds. However this may be, it is with a feeling of disappointment that we lay the book down and hasten to read again the previous works of Mr. Allen, in order to have pleasanter associations with his name than can possibly be connected with "The Choir Invisible."

The volume on "Mountain Climbing,"* in "The Out of Door Library," is of fascinating interest. The descriptions of mountain scenery both in winter and summer, the vivid narration of exciting and dangerous climbs, and the exhilarating mountain air which breathes through the whole book, make it worthy of a place in any library. The illustrations are copious and excellent, and the book should be an agreeable change from the novel for summer reading.

In this same series Scribner's have recently published a book on "Athletic Sports."† This begins with two extensive articles by Professor Sargent, of Harvard, dealing with "the Physical Proportions of the Typical Man," and "The Physical Characteristics of the Athlete," respectively. The detailed account which he has given in these articles of the method of securing satisfactory measurements of the human body is especially valuable for trainers and physical directors. But to the general reader the chapters on "Golf" and "Lawn Tennis," "Bicycling," on "Surf and Surf Bathing," and on "Country Clubs and Hunt Clubs in America," will prove the most interesting part of the book. These sports are all treated by specialists, and every chapter abounds with practical suggestions of an invaluable character.

Every college magazine in the country does all in its power to encourage stories of undergraduate life by undergraduates, and every college editor knows that there are dozens of men in each class who can write a printable story of adventure or tribulation, but who fail utterly in making fiction out of the everyday university life. The authors of "On a Western Campus, by the Class of Ninety-Eight, Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa,"‡ form no exception to the rule. According to the preface, "the immediate function of this little volume is to serve as the annual production of the Junior Class in Iowa College. . . . The

* Mountain Climbing. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

† Athletic Sports. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

‡ On a Western Campus. Buffalo: C. W. Moulton.

stories and sketches have been written with the view of presenting, mainly in the spirit of realistic interpretation and principally as they are observed to-day, varied scenes in the 'human comedy' of a co-educational college." Perhaps these tales will possess interest to persons familiar with the scenes and conditions described, but to an outsider they are intolerably dull. "Coach 'Chubby'" is the best thing in the collection, but we wonder if the author is giving "free, original expression to his individuality" (preface) when he calls a football a "leathern spheroid." We have too much respect for the many noble institutions of the West to believe that the co-educational life depicted in this volume is anything but an unconscious caricature. Such a story as "Traggles' Suit" is positively disgusting. It starts out in this way:—

"'There's nothing the matter with this night,' remarked Dick Sleighton to a group of boys gathered at one of the down town candy stores.

"'Looked as if it were going to rain this afternoon, though, and I didn't make a date. Suppose she isn't at home now, so it would do no good to go up.'

"The boys did not seem to need an explanation of the term 'she,' as they asked no questions. A long silence followed. Finally a tall, athletic-looking fellow whispered to Dick:

"'There are the girls going down town. They look as though there was something up. Let's walk down the street and see.'"

Then the "boys" accost the "girls," who are "giggling." One of the young women is named Clara Nesbit and makes witty "retorts" every now and then. The other says, "Oh, gracious, no," and quotes Byron. Later on, at midnight, Dick climbs up to Miss Nesbit's window to open a bottle of ginger ale for her. As the cork pops two things happen. First, the matron enters Miss Nesbit's room and discovers the "little feast." Second, the gallant Mr. Sleighton falls from the roof and tears his trousers. If this is "realistic interpretation," we prefer romance.

One of the most attractive books of the month is one containing an element of that "mysterious vital force" to which we have previously referred. "Sonny,"* by Ruth McEnery Stuart, is a dialect story in the form of a monologue. The speaker is "Sonny's" father, who tells us in a quaint, disingenuous way, of the boy's life from his birth and christening, through his school-days, up to the time when he was "keepin' company," ending the story with his wedding. There is a gentle humor through all its pages, and now and then a touch of real pathos. In the eyes of many people the only thing that redeemed "Trilby" was the author's attractive picture of the friendship of the three artists, Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee, so in this story

* Sonny. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York: The Century Company.

of Ruth McEnery Stuart's, the description of the friendship between father and son is worth all else in the book. The way in which "Sonny" is allowed to rule the whole household, guiding the family affairs by his own desires and never finding adequate opposition, is hardly apt to result so well if any "gentle reader" should make the attempt in his or her own family. But "Sonny" is a unique character, and is one of the best creations of the author.

"The Treatment of Nature in Dante's *Divina Commedia*,"* by L. Oscar Kuhns, professor in Wesleyan University, is an exhaustive study of this phase of Dante's work. It is the result of long study and reveals an accurate and sympathetic knowledge of the Italian poet as well as of the sources from which he drew the inspiration for his treatment of Nature. The author tells us in the preface that it has been his endeavor to present "the results of his investigation in such shape as might be read with some interest by the general student of literature." We cannot help feeling that this would have been accomplished the better had care been taken to make an English translation of all the passages quoted in Italian. Now and then Professor Kuhns has done this, but far too infrequently. In the last chapter we are offered a "General Discussion of Dante's Attitude Toward Nature." Says the author: "All the references to it in the *Divina Commedia*, taken together, produce a picture which is at the same time broader and more detailed than anything we find among the ancients." "Yet, on the other hand, when compared with modern writers, Dante himself seems narrow." He shows no "feeling for the sublime and wild in Nature," for "the beauty and glory of mountain scenery, the picturesque and romantic effects of rocky landscapes," nor do we "find any self-conscious effort on the part of the poet to give a complete and harmonious picture of Nature." But though a large number of Dante's allusions to natural objects were well-known to his predecessors, yet "there are other phases which he was the first to introduce into poetry." The book can hardly be said to be of general interest.

The latest addition to the political annals of our country comes from the South. In "Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime,"† by W. P. Trent, M.A., the author has given us an account of the men which the Southern States have furnished as leaders in the political history of our country. The book is written neither from the standpoint of "Northern imagination" nor of "Southern affection and fancy," but it is the work of a Southern man with a frank, impartial type of mind, who is making an honest endeavor to find out the true position of these

* The Treatment of Nature in Dante's *Divina Commedia*. By L. Oscar Kuhns. New York: Edwin Arnold.

† Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime. By W. P. Trent, M.A. New York: Thomas Y. Cowell & Co. \$2.00.

men in history. It does not pretend to remarkable scholarship nor completeness. It is no attempt at a final estimate, yet as a revelation of a set of views gaining credence every year throughout a large part of the South, it will prove well worth reading.

The last book of John Strange Winter entitled "Into an Unknown World,"* will prove disappointing to most readers. The plot is not too deeply fraught with interest, and makes the insipidity of the denouement unpardonable. The style is commonplace where it is not maudlin. Most of the characters might have been at least statuesque in their woodenness were it not for their desperate and pathetic attempts at ease. As for the heroine, she was tolerable until, at the head of a chapter, the following quotation from Young was applied to her :

"Beautiful as sweet !
And young as beautiful ! and soft as young !
And gay as soft ! and innocent as gay !"

Altogether the creak of the wheels is heard too plainly. Yet there is hope of better things from this author.

The American tramp in prose and caricature has become universally known. We are not, however, so familiar with the habits and methods of professional beggars in the great cities. The best book on this subject that we have yet found is a little volume entitled "Beggars of Paris,"† translated from the French of M. Louis Paulian by Lady Herschell. The aim of the book as stated by the author is "both to expose an evil and to suggest a remedy." The first half of the work is devoted to a very interesting series of essays on actual beggar life. The author speaks with the experience of one who has put the question of mendicity to a personal test, and who has beaten the beggar in the various branches of his own trade. This is in fact what M. Paulian really did. He became a beggar in order to study the habits of beggars. "By turns, crawling cripple, blind street singer, mechanic out of work, unemployed professor, paralytic, deaf and dumb, I have had every infirmity and have practised every deceit." M. Paulian's book is a record of the above experiences, told in a very interesting manner.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steele's recent success "On the Face of the Waters" has been followed by a new story with a title seemingly related to its predecessor. "In the Tideway,"‡ however, is not an East Indian story, but is thoroughly Scotch in character, the scene being laid amid the strange witchery of the Hebrides. The central motive is original

* Into an Unknown World. By John Strange Winter. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Company. 50 cents.

† Beggars of Paris. By Lady Herschell. New York : Edwin Arnold.

‡ In the Tideway. By Flora Annie Steele. New York : The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

and its unexpected development contains some really thrilling passages. The real power of the book lies in the adroit mingling of comedy and tragedy, and Mrs. Steele has filled her story with local color and the enchanting atmosphere of its setting. The characters are few and not powerfully drawn. This defect, however, is almost lost sight of in the ease with which they make their transitions from the serene country life to the excitements of a ghastly crisis. The book is not a strong one, but shows clever work throughout and, as a bit of romance, should add something at least to the author's already great repute.

The world is beginning to realize more and more the truth of that statement of Matthew Arnold, that a people best express themselves in their literature. We had so long kept our history and literature apart, that the one had resounded only the din of drums and trumpets, and the other had become to us a quiet, separate world in which those who seek to discover the old earth's secrets need never look. From this method arose many evils. We learned what men did, but not the motives which guided them, and hence arose many a bitter prejudice, some, perhaps, too deep-rooted for time to eradicate. Too often we were given, not the life of the people, but the doings of princelings and diplomatists, and many an age rich in sowing for aftertimes we believed full only of strife and discord. Thus we began to look too much to ourselves—to lose our sense of perspective. Now we see clearer and are writing our history from a different standpoint, for we prefer "to pass lightly and briefly over the details of foreign wars and diplomacies, the personal adventures of kings and nobles, the pomp of courts or the intrigues of favorites, and to dwell at length on the incidents of that constitutional, intellectual and social advance in which we read the history of the nation itself." For this we must turn to a nation's literature, for it is there only that they crystallize their mental attitudes. In this movement Hallam and Green have led the way, and now we have the history of an important period taken from its literature alone, in "The Literary History of the American Revolution,"* by Professor Moses Coit Tyler, of Cornell. After all, we are a very young nation, so young that after one hundred and twenty-one years of national life the prejudices of our earlier years are still strong. Americans are good partisans, for patriotism and partisanship are closely allied, and that is well; but we should see clearly the groundwork on which our greatness was founded and throw our needless prejudices to the winds. From reading this history no one will be less of a patriot or less proud of our record; he will certainly have a clearer and broader view. "This book is the product of a method never before so fully applied in the critical treatment of the American Revolution. For the first time

* The Literary History of the American Revolution. By Professor Moses Coit Tyler. Vol. I., 1763-1783. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00.

is set forth the inward history of our revolution, the history of its ideas, its spiritual moods, its motives, its passions, even of its sportive caprices and its whims, as they uttered themselves, whether consciously or not in the writings of the two parties of Americans who promoted or resisted that great movement. The plan of the author has been to let both parties in the controversy tell their own story freely, in their own way, and without either of them being liable, at our hands, to posthumous outrage in the shape of partisan imputations on their sincerity, their magnanimity, their patriotism, or their courage. Just what this book aims to be, then, is a presentation of the soul rather than the body of the American Revolution." We have let the author himself speak at some length, because it is not only a clear exposition of the purpose of this book, but he is fully justified in his claims by his careful and unprejudiced work. The Revolution he has divided into three periods; the first, the period of anxiety for political safety at the same time warmly desiring union with the mother country, extending from the spring of 1763 to 1765; the second the period of doubt "as to the possibility of continuing to be free men without ceasing to be British colonists," extending from 1775 to 1776; the third (to be dealt with in a volume yet unpublished), representing the conviction that it was impossible to preserve their political rights and remain a part of the British Empire. The writings of the time are divided into six classes; the correspondence, the State papers, oral addresses secular and sacred, political essays, either letters of eminent men to newspapers or in the form of pamphlets, political satires in verse and the popular lyric poetry of the period. By this method a complete picture is given of the mental life of each period, and far from being a mere dry summary it is intensely interesting. The style is easy, clear and suggestive. The work is an invaluable addition to American history, and the second volume will be anxiously awaited.

Since literature, as we have seen, bears so important a part in revealing a nation's life, apart from their own value, it is refreshing to see many dainty editions of the English Classics, especially of the Elizabethan dramatists. There has been a great revival of interest in these classics of late years and "Marlowe's Faustus"* in the "Temple Dramatist's" series will be warmly welcomed. It is tastefully bound in green and has a luminous introduction and complete glossary. The paper and presswork leaves nothing to be desired—a characteristic of this series.

"Sons and Fathers,"† by Harry Stillwell Edwards, portrays two types very little understood in the North, the representatives of the Old

* Marlowe's Faustus. Temple Classic Series. New York: Macmillan Company. 45 cents.

† Sons and Fathers. By Harry Stillwell Edwards. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Company.

and New South. It was awarded the first prize of \$10,000 in the *Chicago Record's* series of "Stories of Mystery." The story well forms part in a series of "Stories of Mystery," for the reader is never able to discover how it will end till the last page is turned. The plot is intricate and well worked out, and, as is necessary in a tale primarily written for newspaper publication, sensational. The style is a fair example of the newspaper style—artifice built on observation. Where it is not bald with monotonous detail—as in the first page, where a character is described to his very cuff-buttons—it is melodramatic, and glitters with superficial movement. The straining after vividness arrives often at such results: "Her voice was as the wind in the pines, and the hand she gave to Morgan a moment later was as cool as chamois and as soft." The emotional effects are mediocre; consequently, bad. Altogether, the style is as heartless as one might expect of the style of a "Mystery Story" with an intricate plot, written for a prize, and the Critic would prefer "Two Runaways" and "De Valley and De Shadder."

Of the books recently edited by Princeton professors, "La Pierre de Touche,"* (Emile Augier) by Professor G. M. Harper, and "Selections from Burke,"† by Professor Bliss Perry, are of especial interest. Professor Harper has written an excellent introduction to "La Pierre de Touche," giving us much valuable information on the development of the French drama. The notes are full and elucidate the text unusually well. Professor Perry has shown excellent judgment in his selections from Burke, and has in this little volume made it possible to gain a good conception of one of the greatest figures of eighteenth century literature. Everyone should read Burke *thoroughly*, but for those who have neither the time nor the inclination to go into an extended study, we heartily recommend Professor Perry's selections.

The handy reference book, "Topics in American History,"‡ which has recently appeared in revised edition, should prove an invaluable aid to all students of history, and is especially suited as a reference work for the class-room. The entire history of our country has been carefully divided into suitable periods, and the list of references underneath is very complete.

* La Pierre de Touche. Edited by G. M. Harper. Boston: Ginn & Company. 70 cents.

† Selections from Edmund Burke. By Bliss Perry. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

‡ Topics in American History. By George A. Williams. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. \$1.00.